Stephen Bolles

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM WISCONSIN

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES
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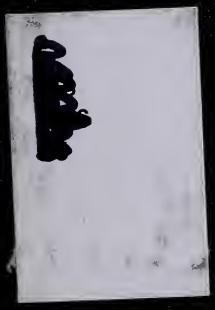

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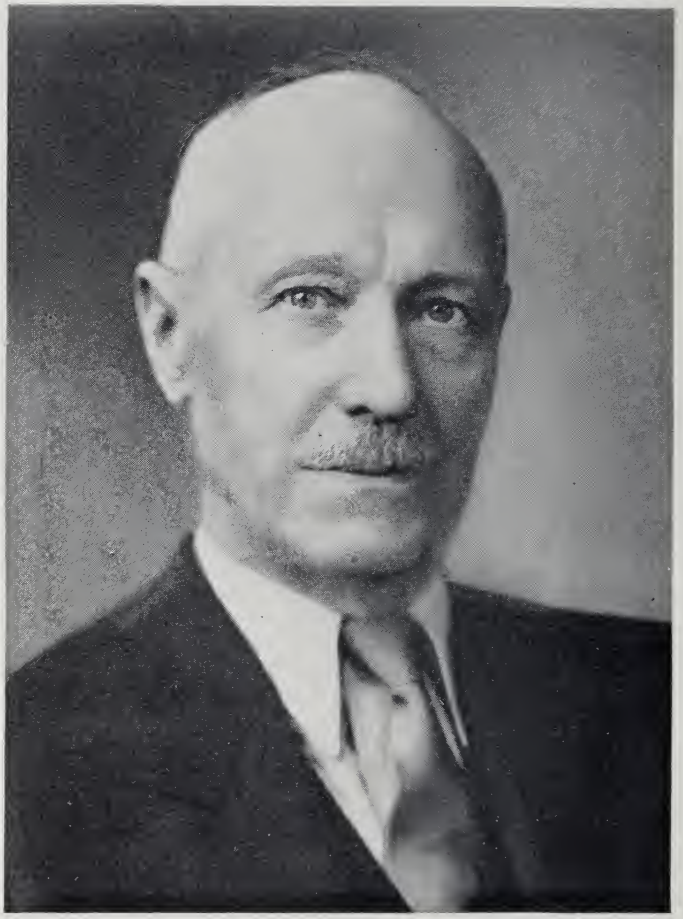

Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

Stephen Bolles

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM WISCONSIN

U.S.

Seventy-seventh Congress
Second Session

UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
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Biography

STEPHEN BOLLES was born in Springboro, Crawford County, Pa., June 25, 1866; attended the public schools; was graduated from the State Normal School of Pennsylvania at Slippery Rock, Pa., in 1888 and from the law department of Milton College, Milton, Wis.; served as reporter, correspondent, managing editor, and publisher of many newspapers in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York, 1893–1901; chairman of the congressional committee of the Eleventh Ohio District and secretary of the Republican city committee of Toledo in 1894; chairman of the congressional committee of the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania District and secretary of the Pennsylvania Republican League of Clubs in 1896; superintendent of the press department of the Pan American Exposition at Buffalo, N. Y., in 1901; secretary of the McKinley National Memorial Association, Cleveland, Ohio, in 1901 and 1902; managing editor of the Buffalo (N. Y.) Enquirer in 1902 and 1903; superintendent of graphic arts of the St. Louis Exposition, 1903–1905, during which time he was also director and editor of the exposition catalog for which France decorated him officer d'academie; director of publicity of the Jamestown Exposition in 1907; engaged as a special writer and also in private business, including brokerage business in Atlanta, Ga., 1907–19; moved to Janesville, Wis., in 1920 and again engaged as a newspaper editor until elected to Congress; delegate to the Republican National Convention at Kansas City in 1928; president of the Wisconsin State Chamber of Commerce in 1931 and president of the Wisconsin Associated Press Association in 1933 and 1934; elected as a Republican to the Seventy-sixth and Seventy-seventh Congresses and served from January 3, 1939, until his death in Washington, D. C., July 8, 1941; interment in Oak Hill Cemetery, Janesville, Wis.

In the House of Representatives

MONDAY, *June 8, 1942.*

Mr. BEAM. Mr. Speaker, I present a privileged resolution, and ask for its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read as follows:

House Resolution 502

Resolved, That on Wednesday, the 24th day of June 1942, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials, under the provisions of clause 40–A of Rule XI. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record until the last issue of the Record of the second session of the Seventy-seventh Congress, on the life, character, and public service of the deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Speaker shall call the House to order, and then, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased, he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Seventy-seventh Congress
Second Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:15 to 11:45)
United States Marine Band Orchestra

Presiding Officer_____ The Speaker of the House of Representatives

Invocation_____ The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

Lead, Kindly Light (Buck)_____ Male Quartet

Scripture reading and prayer_____ The Chaplain

Roll of deceased Members
The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence

Address_____ Hon. Edward J. Hart
Representative from the State of New Jersey

Crossing the Bar (Barnby)_____ Male Quartet

Address_____Hon. Frank Crowther
Representative from the State of New York

The Long Day Closes (Sullivan)_____ Male Quartet

Taps_____Oscar Short

Benediction_____ The Chaplain

Stephen Bolles

Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, *June 24, 1942.*

The SPEAKER of the House of Representatives (Mr. Rayburn) presided.

The CHAPLAIN, Rev. Dr. James Shera Montgomery:

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy holy name. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The male quartet sang Lead, Kindly Light (Buck).

The CHAPLAIN:

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever.

Amen.

Let us hear the word of the Lord. Almighty God, hear our prayer taken from the Holy Bible.

Jesus said: I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.

The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

The righteous live forever, and the care of them is with the Most High; with His right hand He shall cover them, and with His arm He shall shield them.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me.

In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

I am the way, the truth, and the life:

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Yet hope will dream and faith will trust
For He who knows our needs is just,
Somehow, somewhere, meet we must,
Alas, for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cyprus trees!
And hopeless lays his dead away.
Nor sees the breaking of the day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hour of faith
The truth to flesh and sense unknown
That life is ever lord of death
And love can never lose its own!

If, on a quiet sea,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God to Thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the tempest, kind the storm
That drives us nearer home.

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Alney E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House, read the following roll:

BYRON PATTON HARRISON, Senator from the State of Mississippi: Born August 29, 1881; lawyer; district attorney, second district of Mississippi, 1905–10; delegate Democratic National Conventions, 1908, 1920, 1924, temporary chairman, 1924; chairman of the Democratic State convention, 1916; Member, House of Representatives, Sixty-second, Sixty-third, Sixty-fourth, Sixty-fifth Congresses; elected to the United States Senate 1918, 1924, 1930, 1936; President pro tempore of the Senate and chairman of the Committee on Finance at the time of his death June 22, 1941.

ANDREW JACKSON HOUSTON, Senator from the State of Texas: Born June 21, 1854; soldier; lawyer; graduate of West Point Military Academy; one of the organizers of the Travis Rifles at Austin, Tex., during the reconstruction period, 1874; formed a troop of cavalry,

Roosevelt Rough Riders; clerk, United States district court, 1879–89; United States marshal, 1902–10; Prohibition Party candidate for Governor of Texas, 1910 and 1912; appointed to the United States Senate on April 21, 1941, serving until his death June 26, 1941.

ALVA MOORE LUMPKIN, Senator from the State of South Carolina: Born November 13, 1886; lawyer; judge; member, State house of representatives, 1911–13; member, Conciliation Commission, United States and Uruguay, in 1914; acting assistant attorney general, South Carolina, 1918; member, State board of pardons, 1922–23; acting associate justice, State supreme court, 1926–34; Federal judge, United States District Court Eastern and Western Districts, South Carolina, May 22, 1939, until his resignation on July 21, 1941; appointed to the United States Senate on July 17, 1941; died August 1, 1941.

ALVA BLANCHARD ADAMS, Senator from the State of Colorado: Born October 29, 1875; lawyer; attorney, county of Pueblo, 1909–11; member character convention, city of Pueblo, 1911; member board of regents, Colorado State University, 1911–12; city attorney, Pueblo, 1911–15; chairman Pueblo County Council of Defense, 1917–18; major in Judge Advocate General's Department, 1918–19; Member of the United States Senate, under appointment, from May 17, 1923, to December 1, 1924; elected to the United States Senate in 1932 and again in 1938; died December 1, 1941.

STEPHEN BOLLES, First Congressional District of Wisconsin: Born June 25, 1866; reporter; correspondent; editor, press superintendent, Pan American Exposition, 1901; chief, graphic arts, and president, international jury of awards, Universal Exposition, St. Louis, 1903; director of publicity, Jamestown Exposition, 1907; trustee, Janesville Public Library, 18 years; Member of the Seventy-sixth and Seventy-seventh Congresses; died July 8, 1941.

ALBERT GREIG RUTHERFORD, Fifteenth Congressional District of Pennsylvania: Born January 3, 1879; lawyer; soldier; received degree of bachelor of law, University of Pennsylvania, 1904; enlisted Company D, Thirteenth Infantry, Pennsylvania National Guard, 1904, captain Company K, Thirteenth Infantry, 1908, major and inspector, Third Brigade, 1910, major and judge advocate general, 1917; lieutenant colonel Second Pennsylvania Reserve Militia in 1918; Member of the Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, and Seventy-seventh Congresses; died August 10, 1941.

EDWARD THOMAS TAYLOR, Fourth Congressional District of Colorado: Born June 19, 1858; educator; lawyer; received degree of bachelor of law, University of Michigan, 1884; county superinten-

dent of schools, Lake County, 1884; deputy district attorney, 1885–86; district attorney, 1887–89; county attorney, Garfield County, two terms; city attorney, Glenwood Springs, five terms; elected to the State senate in 1896, 1900, and 1904; Member of the Sixty-first to the Seventy-seventh Congresses, inclusive (17 successive Congresses); chairman of the Appropriations Committee Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, and Seventy-seventh Congresses; died September 3, 1941.

LEE EDWARD GEYER, Seventeenth Congressional District of California: Born September 9, 1888; educator; received degree of bachelor of arts, Baker University, Baldwin City, Kans.; graduate work at the University of Wisconsin, the University of Southern California; legislator; member, California State Assembly, sixty-seventh assembly district, 1934–36; Member Seventy-sixth and Seventy-seventh Congresses [illegible]ed October 11, 1941.

LAWRENCE JOSEPH [illegible]ONNERY, Seventh Congressional District of Massachusetts: Born October 17, 1895; reporter; lawyer; businessman; soldier; served on the Mexican border in 1916 in Company A, Ninth Massachusetts Infantry; World War in Company A, One Hundred and First Regiment, United States Infantry, from March 25, 1917, until honorably discharged March 24, 1919; served 19 months in France, taking part in all major operations, engagements, and battles of the One Hundred and First Infantry, Twenty-sixth (Yankee) Divi[illegible]on; graduated from the law department of Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., in 1926; Member of the Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, and Seventy-seventh Congresses; died October 19, 1941.

PATRICK JOSEPH BOLAND, Eleventh Congressional District of Pennsylvania: Born January 6, 1880; businessman; contractor; member, Scranton School Board, 1907–9; member of the Scranton City Council; county commissioner of Lackawanna County, 1915–19; Member Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, and Seventy-seventh Congresses; appointed majority whip during the Seventy-fourth Congress, serving until his death, May 18, 1942.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

Then followed 1 minute of devotional silence.

The CHAPLAIN. Let us pray: O Love Divine, blessed is the hope and faith which Thou hast woven into the very heart of our being; they will live in some higher realm where longings and aspirations are fulfilled. Thou hast curtained the future with night and we know not what a day will bring forth, yet we praise Thee for the light upon the mountain where the lights of men pale in the splendor of the dawn. Look down upon those today who have been stricken by grief; through love's vigil, they are passing through the shadows. We pray Thee to fold them close to the breast of love; temper their sorrow with the vision of that Light that knows no shadow of turning and by which the valley is exalted and the way made clear. Be with us all, giving strength to walk through joy and sorrow, until we reach the last horizon of earth's journey then let us hear the voices calling out of the darkness, directing our ways in paths unknown. In our dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

Hon. EDWARD J. HART, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. EDWARD J. HART

Mr. SPEAKER: Once again, in continuance of a commendable custom, we have foregathered in solemn veneration of the memories of those who have left us for that mysterious land "whence no traveler returneth." But one short year ago they worked by our side, gave us the benefit of their counsel, the joy of their companionship, shared our tasks, and strove with valiant hearts and minds to increase the power and influence of this blessed land.

Since then the sable pall of death, the dark curtain of eternal night, has dropped between us, shutting off from our further view their sweet and friendly faces. Death has set the seal of eternity upon their brows and the beautiful hath been made permanent.

In this sweet hour of love and remembrance our feelings ought not to be marked by an undiluted sadness. "It is as natural to a man to die," says Lord Bacon, "as to be born." And none of us knows the day or the hour. Man's early observation and experience enforce upon his consciousness the inevitability of death, and always as he toils in the teeming market places or walks along the cool, sequestered path of mortal life there is cast before him the dark shadow of impending doom. To those who choose to dwell amid "the wide, weltering chaos of infidelity" death can be conceived of only as a grisly gorgon hovering over a fathomless pit of black despair. But we know that our Redeemer liveth. And this precious and unquenchable truth bathes us in a radiant glow of hope. For us death is not Pluto, king of the dark unknown, but rather, Azrael, brother and friend, lord of this mansion of life.

Ofttimes we are affrighted by the vastness we behold about us. Our sense of proportion is distorted by the infinity of space. We gaze upon the vast mountains that divide a continent or upon the ever-restless sea whose menacing roar can never be subdued, and our first thought is of our comparative insignificance in the order of nature. Sometimes in the country on a crisp, clear autumn evening, we shut the cottage door and step out to gaze upon the starry wilderness of worlds that gem night's radiant brow, and in its refulgence, feel as a little babe swaddled by the hands of Erebus into helpless quiescence. Then suddenly, adown the centuries comes ringing the voice of eternal truth.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away.

Again we are refreshed by the cool, sweet breath of hope. Again we know that although—

we are but a mere speck among a myriad worlds, yet we are greater than the sum of them; having our roots in the dark places of the earth but our branches in the sweet airs of heaven.

These mighty manifestations of the material world which we have beheld are but God's footstools, but there is within us an immortal soul which is His very image and likeness. Yes; a human soul—a grander creation than the Alps or the Andes, for it shall outlive them; a soul moved by aspirations that outrun the universe, and possessing a destiny that shall outlive the stars. Our sadness then, today and always, deriving from the loss of these dear colleagues whom we mourn, will be tempered by the faith and hope we carry in our hearts.

Were they to whom we pay this tribute of our love numbered among those whom the world calls great? We do not need to know. They were men of honor who strove to the limit of their abilities to perform well the high and important duties with which they were entrusted. They labored in forgetfulness of self. They loved their God; they loved their country; they loved their families and their homes. And we loved them. They were our colleagues. More, they were our comrades and our brothers, our companions in life's fitful journey. We recognize in them symbols of that great humanity of which each of us forms equally a part; we see them only as children of the living God and realize that here after all, beyond temporal greatness, is the real, substantial, and universal distinction of every man that is born of women. It is this idea of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God which is destined by the irresistible sweep of its power to destroy in God's good time every vestige of tyranny on earth. It lies at the foundation of democracy. It is this same idea upon which our country is builded; it is the indestructible cornerstone of our civil polity, and at once the reason and justification of the sublime service in which we now participate. Whatever the next world holds in store, we are bidden in this to seek and serve God in our fellow men. These dear departed asked naught of life but leave to serve, to live, and to commune with their fellow men, and from the lap of earth to look up into the face of God. That may be called their greatest glory.

We shall not pause then to inquire into the measure of their greatness. Not all who are called great are truly great. Many of the noblest heroes sleep in unremembered graves. For greatness is a term entirely related to opportunity. From the contemplation of God's glorious universe, we can see the possibility of greatness in small things as well as in the large. If we meditate upon the processes of nature we shall learn the necessity of perfection in the smallest act. God's infinite skill is not exhausted nor concentrated in the structure of a firmament, in drawing the orbit of a planet; in laying the strata of the earth; in rearing the mountain cone. The care for the bursting flower is as wise as the forces displayed in the rolling star; the smallest leaf that falls and dies unnoticed in the forest is wrought with a beauty as exquisite as the art displayed in the sturdy oak. Omnipotent skill is stamped on the infinitely small as on the infinitely great.

The lesson of religion, urged and enforced by examples in nature, is the inestimable worth of common duties, as manifesting the greatest principles; it bids us attain perfection, not by striving to do dazzling deeds but by making our experience divine; it tells us that the real hero will ennoble the humblest field of labor; that nothing is mean which can be performed as duty; but that religious virtue, like the touch of Midas, converts the humblest call of conscience into spiritual gold.

Our observation infallibly informs us that it was in accordance with this lesson that our colleagues strove and wrought. And of all who have sincerely ordered their lives in conformity with this ennobling ideal we cannot think that they are really dead. "If man is immortal," we are told, "he as truly lives in the past as he will in the future." The light of a faithful life dies not, nor does he who lived it. His body indeed is interred in earth's cold bosom, but the light of that life, like the light of the departed sun, shines on undimmed and renews its cheering radiance as day by day it is revived to the children of earth.

And what a spiritual tonic it is for us that we should thrust aside our ordinary pursuits and come here to sweetly linger over the memories of those who no longer answer the call of the roll. What a supreme benefit to ourselves that in this sweet communion of spirit we should revive those happier days ere yet their earthly lives were ended. Here we renew our better resolution; here we dwell upon the infinite mercy and love of an everlasting God. Here we contemplate the glories and bliss of that immortality which our better natures will not permit us to forget. There are those who scoff at immortality. These do but seek with vain and boasting tongue to smother the aspirations of every human heart. "If there is no existence for man beyond the present state, how," asks the old divine, "can we explain the attributes with which he is endowed and which stamp him as a moral being? What powers, what capacities are involved in his nature. What capacity to enjoy and what power to impart happiness to others. Who can reflect on the nature of such a creature, his intelligence, his susceptibility, his will, his conscience, the dignity, the excellence of which he is capable, the moral victories and triumphs he may win, his fitness to hold on his way with archangels strong in advancing all that good which infinite wisdom could devise and infinite benevolence could love, the graces with which he may be adorned, and the beatitudes with which he may be blessed, and not believe that he is made to be one with a God who has created him, a partaker of His blessedness, a companion of His eternity?" It is into that blissful eternity that our dear colleagues have gone. From their labors here they have been called away. We do not believe, to quote the graphic words of Shakespeare, that they have gone to "a blind cave of eternal night." The sparks of their noble lives flickered a little while and then went out. The lute is silent. The chords made of their heartstrings are broken. While with us all the "sense of death is most in apprehension," we feel justified in indulging the buoyant hope that they have been

translated to a better and brighter home beyond the grave, "where the air is filled with solemn, delightful music, and the sky is aglow with the splendor of sunlight and perpetual spring; where the rumbling waters are dashed with the fragrance of rare and beautiful flowers and the garlands, woven from the lilies of the valley, are forever white and green."

Henry Ward Beecher so often spoke of death as a coronation. And so it is. Henceforth, when we speak of it, let it be only as the pathway to a nobler life. Let us strip it of its awful significance, and think of it only as the working out of God's infinite mercy and goodness. We cannot escape it, but we can do much to rob it of its dread. It is the universal experience which all must undergo who have breathed and moved in material form. Grace, strength, health, the glory of the world, the bud, the blossom and the fruit of all mundane possibilities, "all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave," must blight, wither, and perish at its touch.

The universe—

Says Britain's fine prose poet, Michael Fairless—

The universe is full of miracle and mystery; the darkness and silence are set for a sign we dare not despise. The pall of night lifts, leaving us engulfed in the light of immensity under a tossing heaven of stars. The dawn breaks, but it does not surprise us, for we have watched from the valley and seen the pale twilight. Through the wondrous sabbath of faithful souls, the long day of rosemary and rue, the light brightens in the east; and we pass on toward it with quiet feet and opening eyes, bearing with us all of the redeemed earth that we have made our own, until we are fulfilled in the sunrise of the great Easter Day, and the peoples come from north and south and east and west to the city which lieth four-square—the beatific vision of God.

Let us live always in expectancy of that delectable vision. Let us live in faith and honor, and in that spirit of unselfish service which animated the careers of our separated colleagues, and which alone can bring us to a realization, full and complete, of the glory and purpose of the manifold garment of God.

The male quartet sang Crossing the Bar (Barnby).

Hon. FRANK CROWTHER, a Representative from the State of New York, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. FRANK CROWTHER

Mr. SPEAKER: On this solemn occasion we are assembled to pay tribute to the memory of our departed colleagues. We have not come in a spirit of mourning and sorrow but rather to scatter a few flowers on the pathway of memory and to renew our faith in a blessed immortality.

Joy and sorrow are closely intermingled in this busy world of ours. The happiness incident to the birth of a precious baby is ofttimes curbed by the death of its mother, and repeatedly on the highway of life the bridal procession must tarry while the funeral train passes by. Even after great victories in battle the shouts and huzzahs of the populace are hushed as vanquished foes are borne to their last resting place.

But the king and his jester must answer the call; the great and the humble and the spear of the prince and the staff of the pauper shall lie side by side.

Life is a privilege. The noontide fades
And shadows fall among the winding glades;
The joy blooms wither in the autumn air,
Yet the sweet scent of sympathy is there.
Pale sorrow leads us closer to our kind
And in the serious hours of life we find
Depths in the soul of men which lend new worth
And majesty to this brief span of earth.

Life is a privilege. If some sad fate
Sends us alone to seek the exit gate;
If men foresake us as the shadows fall,
Still does the supreme privilege of all
Come in that reaching upward of the soul
To find the welcoming presence at the goal,
And in the knowledge that our feet have trod.
Paths that lead from and must lead us back to God.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

This service is one that carries us away from the busy whirl of today and transports us to the land of yesterday, filled with fond memories of those who have left us for a little while. Scarcely one of us but what sit and muse and grow fanciful as the floodgate of memory is opened and we live again the joys and sorrows of a lifetime.

The fond mother in fancy sees her first-born who was taken away in his baby days, and there comes to her an intuitive knowledge that had he been spared he would have been her pride and joy. Son and daughter in fancy see again their dear old father and mother who finally went to their reward after weary months of illness. Even communities pause in the midst of their activities to pay tribute to the memory of those whose life work and achievements have made them characters of historic interest.

And so we are assembled to turn back the pages of the record of yesterday, and as we listened to this roll call of the departed we in fancy could see our colleagues as we knew them in the days of their health and strength, of which they gave their full measure in the performance of their duties.

No measure of sacrifice on our part would have been too great if we could have saved their lives to their families and friends. But the power to stay the hand of the grim messenger is not vested in us, and we bow in humble submission before the awful majesty of death. Life, after all, is but a vapor, which appeareth for a little while and vanisheth away, and there shall be no remembrance of the wise no more than the fool forever; life is ever promising and seldom fulfilleth, ever lived in the present, and the present is no more by the time you have said it. One day calls for another day and makes joy to follow joy and tears to follows tears.

Life is a constant struggle and conflict between the victor and the vanquished, while the bitterness of the strife withers the laurels of the conqueror and rankles in the hearts of the defeated.

Success is not often measured by the degree of happiness, peace, or contentment attained but rather by the battles won and trophies captured from the vanquished foe.

Fortunate is the man who can so live that his success in material things has not dwarfed his spiritual stature. Death to him is but the zero hour of the great adventure, and he sings with the psalmist:

> Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

But man is as frail and as prone to err as he has been for centuries, and in spite of the great moral uplift and banishment of bigotry during the last century we are still possessed of the tendency to exaggerate the faults of our neighbor and belittle his efforts for good. So few of us during our life journey walk the center of the path of rectitude with never a step to the right or to the left that in order to be true to ourselves we should be less hasty and caustic in our criticism and heed well the admonition:

> Let he that be without sin cast the first stone.

The ancient Arabs had a saying that "death is a camel that kneels before every man's tent," and so in the midst of the battle of life comes death, the implacable foe of person, time, or place. Ever walking by our side, it cannot be avoided and none may escape it. Its sway is universal and the hour of its coming is uncertain. In joy or sorrow it finds us out and we must follow at the summons. Even as our departed friends were called, to us shall come perhaps without warning the grim messenger who shall dash the cup of life all fragrant with love and success from our lips and we shall stand as strangers at the gates of eternity. What will our earthly life, our lofty hopes, our success or failure matter to us at that time? How paltry and insignificant our own individuality, and how small will seem the part we played in the drama of the universe. There we shall stand in the presence of the Everlasting Judge, and human imagination

dare not take a step farther, dare not enter that presence for between us and the soul of departed friends there is a veil which we cannot penetrate, and its secret will not be revealed to us until we too pass behind it from the light which is darkness to the full light of perfect knowledge.

What a flood of happy recollections come tumbling down the stream of memory as we look back upon the friendships developed by years of association with these departed friends. To us they have told their story of humble beginnings and early hardships which, in men of sterling worth and integrity, serve but to urge them on to their goal of achievement. Many of them had attained positions of high honor in their States, and yet their ambition had been to serve their country in a representative capacity. They came from all walks of life—successful bankers and businessmen, lawyers of outstanding ability, and occasionally from the ranks of professional men and the clergy. They all contributed to the sum total of knowledge and ability that is so necessary in a national legislative body. To the younger Members of the House they were a source of inspiration, and to us all they were united in the bonds of real friendship.

These departed colleagues to whom we this day pay tribute all experienced the joy and satisfaction resulting from the real friendships that they formed during their years of service. We read in prose and poetry of deathless friendships and we all know just what that means. In this greatest of deliberative bodies, neither invective, sarcasm, nor partisanship can sever the bonds of real friendship.

There is no friend like an old friend
  Who has shared our morning days;
No greeting like his welcome,
  No homage like his praise.

Fame is the scentless sunflower
  With gaudy crown of gold,
But friendship is the breathing rose
  With sweets in every fold.

The passing of these distinguished Members was a loss not only to their immediate families but a loss to the Nation. They had served for periods varying from a few months to a quarter of a century and their achievements will be a source of inspiration to us and to future generations. What better record can a man leave than that of the full performance of duty? Such a record is the result of the possession not only of marked ability but of undaunted courage and a high sense of honor.

To men of this caliber the Nation is indebted for their tireless energy and devoted service. To them the Master said, "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you," and our faith in a blessed immortality tells us that we shall see them again in that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Without this abiding faith in the hereafter, death would be indeed an appalling mystery, life would be a tragedy, and love and devotion a mere mockery.

We all dread to think of the hour of parting when those nearest and dearest to our hearts shall be taken out of our lives. But the great wealth of our love and devotion will not be lost to us, for it shall be gathered into the treasury of the kingdom and shall be returned to us a hundredfold when we, in our turn, shall follow the unnumbered generations into gladness eternal.

Oh, may I join the chair invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence;
Live in pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude; in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self;
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars
And with their mild persistence
Urge men's search to vaster issues.

Hope not the cure of sin till self is dead.
Forget it in love's service
And the debt thou cannot pay the angels shall forget.
Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone
Save thou one soul
And it perchance may save thine own.

God in His infinite wisdom does not permit us to darken our lives with the thought of death. He bids us raise our eyes to the heavens and ever have an abiding faith in our fellow men; to cultivate self-respect in place of self-regard; to walk humbly with Him in the quietness of the dim valley and the dark stream ever believing that an all-merciful Providence has a place and a joy for even the most humble of His creations.

Whether this life journey be long or short, let the record established by our departed colleagues continue to be an inspiration to us as time marches on. At this hour when this world of ours is torn and bleeding by cruel war, let us not cry out as did King Richard, "Now is the winter of our discontent," but rather may we declare that this is the springtime of our opportunity, to serve God and home and country.

Amidst our trials and tribulations, our ambitions, and our temptations, let us remember the closing stanza of that literary gem by Bryant:

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like a quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon;
But, sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust,
Approach thy grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams.

The male quartet sang The Long Day Closes (Sullivan).

Mr. Oscar Short, United States Marine Band Orchestra, sounded taps.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., pronounced the following benediction:

The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift the light of His countenance upon you and give you peace. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Memorial Addresses
on
Stephen Bolles

Memorial Addresses

Remarks by Representative Gehrmann

of Wisconsin

Mr. SPEAKER: Less than a year ago we were shocked by the sudden death and returning of all that was mortal of our colleague the Honorable STEPHEN BOLLES to his home in Wisconsin—the State he has claimed so long and served so well.

When we lose a friend we all search for an earthly memento of him to preserve and cherish. Transient things like the warm clasp of a hand—a cheery smile—must be held by a memory that clouds with time. I am fortunate for he left with me—a token.

A few short days before his death we were visiting during a lull in activity here on the floor. We were talking of the strain of serving during this critical period and of the criticism that comes from divergent factions—not always just. STEVE BOLLES' long years of training as an editor served him well—he always had a ready answer. He opened his wallet and handed me a small white sheet of paper which held this typewritten message:

[From STEPHEN BOLLES, Member of Congress, Wisconsin]

I am only one,
But I am one;
I can't do everything,
But I can do something;
And what I can do,
And what I ought to do
By the grace of God, I will do.

This was his creed—he lived by it and up to it. This was the epitome of his whole philosophy—it is my token. So STEPHEN BOLLES has left us, but his memory lives on in this House where he made so many friends in a remarkably short time.

Remarks by Representative Smith

Of Wisconsin

Mr. SPEAKER: STEPHEN BOLLES was my distinguished predecessor, and it is with a sense of humility that I rise to pay tribute to his memory. It has been my constant desire since assuming office to take up the fight where STEPHEN BOLLES left off.

STEPHEN BOLLES departed this life on July 8, 1941, and left surviving him his widow, Mrs. Marion Bolles and three children, Robert, Donald, and William, and two sisters, Mrs. Lenora Patch and Mrs. M. J. Sweeney, of Dayton, Ohio, and a brother, A. Eugene Bolles, of Newark, N. Y. Elected to the Seventy-sixth Congress from the First Congressional District of Wisconsin, he served through that Congress and was reelected to the Seventy-seventh Congress and served in it until his death.

Mr. BOLLES had been a newspaperman all of his life, and he had a national reputation as an outstanding newspaperman. For many years he had been the editor of the Janesville Gazette, of Janesville, Wis., and he left his editorial desk to serve his congressional district in the House of Representatives. Prior to his election, Mr. BOLLES had an outstanding record of community service. He served as a trustee of Milton College, Milton, Wis., as a trustee of the Janesville Public Library for 15 years, and as president of the Janesville Chamber of Commerce. He was an active Kiwanian, director of the American Red Cross, chairman of the advisory board of the Salvation Army. He had a 9-year medal for Boy Scout work and was an ardent member of the Izaak Walton League. Thus it will be seen that our late friend was giving unselfishly of his time and energy to his community.

On the national scene Mr. BOLLES was known for the booklet entitled "The American Struggle for Peace." This booklet

has received national recognition and may be found in all libraries. At the time of his death he was a member of the American Society of Newspaper Editors and of the National Press Club of Washington, D. C.

The greatest joy that came to Mr. BOLLES in his lifetime was his association with veterans' associations. He had a son, a marine, who died of wounds in World War No. 1. The Janesville post of the disabled veterans is named for him—the Stephen Whitford Bolles, Jr., Post of the Disabled Veterans of America. The American Legion post of Janesville honored him by making him a life guest, and the Veterans of Foreign Wars voted him an honorary member.

He was always a very welcome guest at meetings of soldier groups and in his busy life spoke to many, many such gatherings. As a public speaker he was greatly in demand. He was a man of convictions and he had no fear of any man. This fearlessness characterized his work in the Congress and it was an accepted fact that STEVE BOLLES wore no man's collar. His conduct was always in the interest of the public good.

While a Member of Congress Mr. BOLLES was a very active member of the District of Columbia committee. His coworkers on that committee have attested to his interest and devotion to his duties. He was much concerned about the health and welfare problems within the District and insisted that safety regulations be enforced in order to prevent injury and loss of life.

STEPHEN BOLLES served his country long and well. His passing has left this old world much poorer. His widow, his children, and his brother and sisters must take courage in the fact that their loved one has passed to a greater reward.

Away. We know that tears are vain,
  That Death nor heeds nor hears distress.
Will this unteach us to complain?
  Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou who tellest me to forget,
  Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

Remarks by Representative Plumley

Of Vermont

Mr. SPEAKER: After a full and splendid life our friend, STEPHEN BOLLES, who had achieved fame and honor and glory, has gone "to a laurel rest at the goal."

Those of us who were privileged to know him intimately will miss him most intensely. Such a friend he was.

The world saw but one side of him. Those of us who have sat at his feet and listened to him will never forget his comments on men and things and will long remember his positiveness, his tenderness, and his fighting heart.

Some of us recall an occasion when, after he had done his best to aid the passage of a measure in which he was interested and which had failed of passage, he said to us, his companions of the hour: "The bill failed of passage, but I remember the poet says:

> They never fail who light
> Their lamp of faith on the unwavering flame
> Burnt for the altar service of the race
> Since the beginning."

And he went on to say, "Don't worry; I shall live to see my dream come true," for, as Dana Burnet said—

> Who dreams shall live! And if we do not dream
> Then we shall build no temple into time.
> Yon dust cloud, whirling slow against the sun,
> Was yesterday's cathedral, stirred to gold
> By heedless footsteps of a passing world.
>
> The faiths of stone and steel are failed of proof.
> The king who made religion of a sword
> Passes and is forgotten in a day.
> The crown he wore rots at a lily's root,
> The rose unfurls her banners o'er his dust.

The dreamer dies, but never dies fair dream,
Though death shall call the whirlwind to his aid,
Enlist men's passions, trick their hearts with hate,
Still the fair vision lives! Say nevermore
That dreams are fragile things. What else endures
Of all this broken world save only dreams!

To those who did not know him as I did, this chance meeting was the revelation of a side of this man that they had never seen and did not know.

And so I might go on at great length, but the memories of our most pleasant and to me most profitable association over the years are mine, to be kept in the casket of the mind as precious jewels are by those who treasure them.

Today—

Like a young child who to his mother's door
Runs eager for the welcoming embrace,
And finds the door shut, and with troubled face
Calls and through sobbing calls, and o'er and o'er

Calling, storms at the panel—so before
A door that will not open, sick and numb,
I listen for a word that will not come,
And know, at last, I may not enter more.

Silence! And through the silence and the dark
By that closed door, the distant sob of tears
Beats on my spirit, as on fairy shores
The spectral sea; and through the sobbing, hark!
Down the fair-chambered corridor of years,
The quiet shutting, one by one, of doors.

—*Hermann Hagedorn.*

Remarks by Representative Springer

Of Indiana

Mr. SPEAKER: With a deep sense of great personal loss I rise to express my humble tribute to the life, achievements, and character of my fine and devoted friend, the late STEPHEN BOLLES, of Wisconsin. It is a high privilege to have extended to me the opportunity of bearing witness to the high esteem and the deep and abiding affection with which our colleague of former days was held by the Members of the House of Representatives, and with that treasured memory before me I speak these few words in tribute to him who was a good citizen, a great patriot, a constant humanitarian, an outstanding statesman, and a fine and loyal friend.

Representative STEPHEN BOLLES loved the State of Wisconsin, one of the districts of which he had the honor to represent. He loved the entire area of that great Commonwealth. The people were his friends, and he was the friend of the people. It was there that he met and faced the vicissitudes and the pleasantries of life, and that he, through the publication of his newspaper, aided so materially in the molding of public opinion and sentiment. He rubbed shoulders with the common people. Their problems were his problems, and their sorrows were his sorrows. Thus, he became deep-rooted in his great and enduring affection for those about him. The people of his great State quickly learned that he was a stalwart and loyal friend in whom was reposed the finest ideals of life.

In 1939, when he entered the House of Representatives, I became acquainted with my friend. Our offices were quite near and we had a daily conference. He was distressed because of the threat of war, and he was disturbed because of the threat to the future progress of our Nation. He was not visionary. His arguments were couched in sound logic

and based upon careful thought. It was in this very close association with my friend in his better days that I came to recognize in him those rare qualities which directly appeal to men. I knew him in the intimacies of those close and confidential contacts which are forever reserved by each one of us for but a few. I knew him in the stress of great turmoil and when the depression from worry incident to the deliberation on weighty questions of state were before him; I knew him, too, when he reveled in the solemn meditations of sadness—when the heart bleeds and the somber voice pleads for rest and solace; I knew him when he voiced expression and sound logic respecting the future of our Nation—the land he loved and the form of government he professed with unerring devotion. He was as kindly as he was brave. Thus I knew my friend in the days gone by.

My earthly friend, whose memory I will long cherish, lived as he died—and he died as he lived—with the weight of livid problems of the people before him. He was at his post of duty until the ravages of fate and disease prevented; he was not afar when the silent summons came; he was unafraid; within the shadow of the Halls of Congress, where his last efforts in life were so timely and effectively exerted, he calmly wrapped the draperies of his couch about him and laid down as if to peaceful, happy dreams.

Thus his life work was ended. The brilliant career of a brilliant man was thus terminated.

Mr. Speaker, STEPHEN BOLLES needs no encomium. His life and his living of it stand before us in beauty and in splendor. My humble tribute to him, my friend, I give in the words spoken of a great hero, in the days gone by, "This was a man."

And of him may I pay this added tribute, in the words of the master of verse:

> Behind the dim unknown
> Standeth God, within the shadow,
> Keeping watch above His own.

Remarks by Representative Thill

Of Wisconsin

Mr. SPEAKER: Almost a year ago our beloved colleague, STEPHEN BOLLES, passed to his great reward. But he is not forgotten, for who can forget his guiding hand, his literate discussions, his anecdotes, and tales of a long and varied career. He brought to Congress a mind skilled by years of work in the newspaper field and a mind filled with knowledge of many subjects. Although STEPHEN BOLLES knew of his physical limitations, he nevertheless gave unstintingly of his energies to solve the distressing and perplexing questions presented to the Congress during recent years. In his determination to perform his duty toward his country and his constituency he perhaps overtaxed his strength and death came. STEPHEN BOLLES was not the type of individual who could take things easy and let matters ride. He was a man who wanted to do things and get them done. His keenness of intellect and his devotion to his country will always be a source of inspiration to those of us who knew him and felt the touch of his kindly spirit.

Remarks by Representative Bolton

Of Ohio

Mr. SPEAKER: To contact STEPHEN BOLLES was to contact a rare and lovely spirit. Since his visible presence is no longer among us, we are increasingly aware of the need we have of the cheeriness, the kindliness, the graciousness that radiated from him like sunshine. We are conscious, too, that underneath his gentle exterior there dwelt a fierce courage, a tenacious integrity that flashed forth in rare intervals coloring his pathway with vivid beauty.

Which of us would say that as we gather here to remember and to honor our departed colleagues they do not stand with us challenging our integrity, our courage, and our loyalty with the wider vision and understanding to which they have attained. As fellow workers for the America they served so well, let us not fail them, let us meet their challenge with a reconsecration of ourselves to a finer patriotism, a larger vision, and a more unselfish loyalty.

Remarks by Representative Taber

Of New York

Mr. SPEAKER: STEPHEN BOLLES came to Congress in January 1939 following the 1938 election. He had a long and distinguished career in journalism and in business and in government, and was one of the best informed men I have ever met. Here in the House he was quickly recognized, and what he had to say carried real weight.

That a man of his ability and character should be taken from us after so short a service is a great loss to the country, and one that it is difficult to replace.

Remarks by Representative Michener

Of Michigan

Mr. SPEAKER: I rise to pay tribute to the life and character of a distinguished former Member of this body, Representative STEPHEN BOLLES, of Wisconsin.

While Mr. BOLLES' service here was of short duration it was most effective. He had the unusual experience of serving in the Press Gallery for a number of years. He was familiar with the background of how the Congress functions. He could always read between the lines and this training made him an exceptionally valuable Member to his district. He was a fluent and a graphic writer, a forceful debater and especially adept at repartee. He was always listened to with interest. In his passing Congress has lost one of its outstanding Members.

Remarks by Representative Rich

Of Pennsylvania

Mr. SPEAKER: I know of no ceremonial more beautiful or appropriate than the one which we are today observing. For the moment we put aside the busy activities of official life and pause to contemplate the character and personal qualities of our departed friends and to record our estimate of enduring virtues of the departed friends and colleagues.

I was very happy to serve in this House with my friend and colleague the late STEPHEN BOLLES, of the State of Wisconsin. It was a privilege and pleasure to know him. A friendship ripened through our close association, and I came to love and respect STEVE BOLLES. He was an able Representative; he had exceptional qualities of intellect and reached the heights in the literary field. Daily association afforded opportunity for accurate judgment, and I came more and more to appreciate the ability, integrity, and loyalty of STEVE BOLLES. His equipment for the duties which devolved upon him was ample and he performed outstanding service in this House. He died in the midst of his labors and honors. It is our duty today to not only pay tribute to the dead but to cheer the living, and by the help of Almighty God carry on for the betterment of human kind.

Remarks by Representative Murray

Of Wisconsin

Mr. SPEAKER: Upon this solemn occasion I wish to pay my humble tribute to our late colleague from Wisconsin the Honorable STEPHEN BOLLES.

It was my good fortune to have known Mr. BOLLES for over 15 years during which time I watched with interest his rise in the newspaper world where he was recognized for his ability throughout his State and the Nation.

It was my privilege to enjoy the warm friendship of Mr. BOLLES before we began our service as Members of Congress in the seventy-sixth session where he proved himself to be faithful to his trust and a most able and conscientious legislator. He was deeply devoted to his constituency and the interests and preservation of our Government.

His counsel, which so many of us sought and which he so kindly bestowed upon us, will continue to be greatly missed, but the memory of his association and his example of patriotism will long serve as an inspiration to all of us.

Remarks by Representative Reed

Of Illinois

Mr. SPEAKER: On this day we of the House of Representatives pause from our labors as Members of a War Congress to turn back the pages of time for 12 brief months that we might reflect upon the characters and distinguished services of those of our late associates who during that period have been called to lay down their ever-increasing burdens occasioned by the horrors, the sufferings, the cruelties, and the hatreds of a war-torn world and depart to that realm of contentment and rest and eternal peace.

During the year just past the first from this Chamber to respond to the summons from on high was Hon. STEPHEN BOLLES of the great State of Wisconsin. As a newspaper reporter, editor, and publisher, he had lived an eventful life. He had seen history in the making. The lessons it taught him, he retained. Perhaps the reflection that they might be used advantageously persuaded him for the first time to seek public office. He entered the lists in 1938, was successful, and on January 3, 1939, entered this Chamber as the Representative from the First District of Wisconsin. Two years later his constituents returned him to Washington by a greatly increased majority. His worth had been recognized.

To me, he was not merely a friend and colleague—he was a neighbor. Although from sister States, the respective districts we represented were separated only by an imaginary line. We had many problems in common. We discussed them frequently. He was always cooperative, generous, and impartial. His judgment was ever sound.

He early won the respect of the Members of this House. His speeches were sincere, logical, and convincing. He had a keen sense of humor that he injected into them but his witticisms never left a sting. Many of his warmest friends

in this House were those who had been the subject of his repartee. He had a roguish glint in his eyes, but carried no poison in his darts.

STEPHEN BOLLES was intensely loyal to his Nation and devoted to his State. His every decision on the important public issues that confronted him during his congressional career was determined by what he considered would be the resultant vantage point to be gained for the country he loved and the people he served. A frequent attendant and participant at patriotic gatherings, he looked with disfavor on professional flag waving; he shunned demagoguery; he despised deceit.

A congenial, kindly, companionable man, he enjoyed the friendship of every Member of this House. It was good to have known him.

I cannot say, I will not say
That he is dead; he is just away.
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.
Think of him still the same, I say
He is not dead, he is just away.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

TUESDAY, *July 8, 1941.*

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Oh, come Thou wisdom from on high and cause us in Thy way to go. What treasure there will be for the human soul, purged from the flesh, enlarged, and blessed of all the hidden wealth that is in Thy name. In this varied life, quivering with mysteries and trembling with silent and unexpected power, we pray for the directive presence of the Almighty One. Humanity is Thine, not because it is worthy, not for what it has done, nor for any reason we can give, but because Thou art God; Thy infinitely holy nature is to love and nourish imperfection, to forgive transgression and sin. We rejoice that Thy heart is the sanctuary of the love that never dies, with its irresistible pressure ever whispering of the eternal goodness.

Heavenly Father, arrest our thoughts as we are on the river of time. With faith and confidence in Thee may we ever own the favoring gale. Another Member has left us, faithful to his public trust; Heavenly Father, we pray for the Divine Presence to abide with the family circle, and Thine shall be the praise. In our dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

Mr. JOHNS. Mr. Speaker, I rise at this time to announce the death of one of my colleagues from Wisconsin, the Honorable STEPHEN BOLLES. Mr. BOLLES passed on this morning at 15 minutes of 7. He had been in ill health, as the Members know, for a considerable length of time, but no one thought it was as serious as it proved to be this morning when he had a heart attack and passed on. Your speaker has known Mr. BOLLES for a great many years—about 18 in all. He has led, as you all know, a very active life as a newspaperman and for 20 years was editor of the Janesville Gazette in Wisconsin, a daily newspaper that grew greatly in size during the

time he was handling its affairs. In his earlier life he had worked on numerous newspapers throughout the country and has held many offices of distinction during his lifetime. As you know, he has been serving his second term in the Congress.

As I think of STEVE BOLLES, I think of this poem entitled "Life," which is composed of the sayings of a number of American and English poets:

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
Life's a short summer—man is a flower
By turns we catch the fatal breath and die;
The cradle and the tomb, alas, so nigh.
To be is better than not to be,
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;
But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb,
The bottom is but shallow whence they come,
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Unmingled joys can here no man befall;
Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care,
Custom does often reason overrule,
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
Live well: How long or short permit to heaven.
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven,
Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face,
Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.
Then keep each passion down, however dear,
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
With craft and skill to ruin and betray.
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise;
We masters grow of all that we despise.
Ah! then, renounce that impious self-esteem,
Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream.
Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat,
Only destructive to the brave and great.
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
How long we live, not years but actions tell;
That man lives twice who lives the first life well.

Make, then, while you may, your God your friend.
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just.
For live how we may, yet die we must.

Mr. Speaker, I yield to my colleague the gentleman from Wisconsin [Mr. Sauthoff].

Mr. SAUTHOFF. Mr. Speaker, it came to me as a distinct shock this morning when I went to attend a meeting of the subcommittee of the Committee on the District of Columbia to hear of the passing of an old friend, STEVE BOLLES. I had known STEVE about 20 years, for my wife came from his city. I have many friends and relatives there and was a frequent visitor to Janesville and on those occasions I would meet and talk with STEVE BOLLES. He was a charming and an interesting gentleman who had been engaged in newspaper work all over the country for a number of years and had many interesting experiences to tell. In our political views we differed frequently on both State and national issues, and yet we discussed these matters without any feeling, without rancor, and without bitterness, for STEVE BOLLES was always a gentleman. I know that his community, which values him very highly, his congressional district which for years has looked upon him as an outstanding leader, his State which has known him as a champion of clean government over many years, will all feel his loss keenly. In municipal affairs, in State problems, and in the work here relating to our national difficulties STEVE BOLLES took an active and ardent interest. He was an outstanding citizen, clean, high-minded, and only interested in the welfare of his community, his State, and his country. We all deplore the passing of STEVE BOLLES.

Mr. JOHNS. Mr. Speaker, I yield to my colleague from Wisconsin [Mr. Thill].

Mr. THILL. Mr. Speaker, it was with deep personal sorrow that I received the message that our colleague, STEPHEN BOLLES, had passed to his great reward. It was my good

fortune to know STEPHEN BOLLES and to gain knowledge from his great counsel. Our deceased colleague was a man of great erudition and his knowledge of philology and twentieth-century history was rarely surpassed by any man. His devotion to a legislative cause was great and he would leave no stone unturned to gain the facts necessary to present such a cause in the best manner.

The interest of STEPHEN BOLLES centered not only upon national affairs but also upon his beloved State of Wisconsin. The welfare of the people of Wisconsin, and particularly those of his district, was his foremost concern. We all remember his speeches on behalf of the dairy farmer, These speeches, as well as the others he made on the floor of the House, carried an underlying strain of dry humor, which was expressive of the character of STEPHEN BOLLES. He would never give up any fight, and this was particularly true of his fight against ill health. Physicians had despaired of his life years ago, but it was the courage and mental vigor of STEPHEN BOLLES that carried him on for many years until his regrettable death.

Mr. Speaker, we all regret the passing of a lovable soul and a great statesman, who brought to the Halls of Congress wisdom, fortitude, and knowledge, which embellished the records of this great body.

Mr. JOHNS. Mr. Speaker, I yield now to the gentleman from Wisconsin [Mr. Stevenson].

Mr. STEVENSON. Mr. Speaker, as one of the youngest members of the Wisconsin delegation in point of service in this great House of Representatives, I became acquainted with the oldest member of our delegation as soon as I came to Washington. It grieves me greatly at this moment to have to acknowledge the passing of a great man, our friend and fellow colleague, STEPHEN BOLLES. As a neophyte in Congress I went to Mr. BOLLES for counsel almost daily while he was here. I went to visit him while he was at the hospital during his illness this past winter, and at all times I found our

friend ready to counsel and give the advice that I needed. He was always jolly, never pessimistic, always ready to work for the good of our Nation. STEPHEN BOLLES was a constitutionalist. He stood foursquare for our Constitution, for the Bill of Rights, and for everything to be considered by a Congressman in the interests of the common people. For that I admired STEPHEN BOLLES, always asked his counsel when things of moment and cf a serious nature were to be determined here in the House. I had not known Mr. BOLLES very long, but in the short space of time that I had the privilege of his acquaintance, meeting him and dining with him and visiting with him in his home, I grew to know him as an older brother. I shall revere his memory and always think of him as a stanch friend, as a fighter, as a man of courage. Although his shoulders carried almost three score and ten years of the cares of this world, his spirit was that of a very young and spirited fighter. With the rest of my colleagues I mourn his passing and feel deep sympathy for his wife in the loss of this great soul, whose place in these halls will be for all of us a refreshing spring of pleasant memories, who will be missed in his home, in his city, in his newspaper world, and in the realm of politics.

STEVE BOLLES was a Nature lover. He liked to commune with the hills, the streams, the woods, and to rest in meditation and in contemplation of the wonders of her valleys. The sun, the moon, and stars were his friends, and from them he learned the truths of immortality and the beauties of eternal life. And so, if STEPHEN BOLLES could speak to us at this hour, he would say in the words of the poet immortal:

> Yet not to thine eternal resting place
> Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
> Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
> With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
> The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
> Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
> All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills
> Rockribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales

Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Mr. JOHNS. Mr. Speaker, I yield to my colleague the gentleman from Wisconsin [Mr. Wasielewski].

Mr. WASIELEWSKI. Mr. Speaker, I did not have the privilege of knowing Congressman BOLLES personally for a very long time, inasmuch as he was confined to his bed when I first came to Washington, and only recently returned to the House. However, from the two or three contacts that I have had with him since his return to duty I had grown to like him a great deal, and I have felt as though I had know him for many years. He was a very fatherly sort of man, one whom you would immediately grow to like, one to whom you would immediately feel inclined to turn for counsel. The State of Wisconsin and the Nation loses a fine gentleman and an able statesman in the death of STEPHEN BOLLES.

Mr. JOHNS. Mr. Speaker, I yield to my colleague from West Virginia [Mr. Randolph].

Mr. RANDOLPH. Mr. Speaker, in expressing a tribute to STEPHEN BOLLES I speak as a personal friend and also as

the chairman of the Committee of the District of Columbia, upon which he so ably served.

I have known few men in this body with whom I had a closer understanding, or for whom I had a greater fondness. We counseled together many times about issues which came before us and about specific legislation in which we both had a keen interest and desired to act upon properly and with justice.

On the District of Columbia Committee his advice was sought and his full experience was helpful. I think his attention to District of Columbia affairs is exemplified by the fact of his presence 1 week ago yesterday at a meeting of that committee. I felt then that he was not well enough to be present, but he was there, not physically strong but mentally alert and able to assist in the deliberations of that body. He was especially interested in the National Capital of certain persons whom he felt had been overlooked from the standpoint of health and of welfare. At the time of his death he was very active on two subcommittees of the District of Columbia Committee. He was working especially for the improvement of safety regulations of the men and women who dwell here and was attempting to formulate a plan for the installation of fire escapes and other safety devices.

When a newspaperman is preparing his copy and is under the pressure of the dead line he has to type quickly, and the boy comes by his desk and tears short sheets off the typewriter, and he keeps writing away. When the story is finished there is a signature which he places at the conclusion which shows that he has concluded that article. That is "30." Of course "30" has been written for STEVE BOLLES; "30" not only to a very fine newspaperman, to a very splendid character, but also to an individual who brought high credit to his own constituency and to the office which he held. He leaves to all of us who knew him intimately and who

regarded him highly a sense of keen loss and a hallowed place in our memories.

Mr. JOHNS. Mr. Speaker, I yield to my colleague from South Dakota [Mr. Case].

Mr. CASE of South Dakota. Mr. Speaker, I had not heard of the death of STEPHEN BOLLES until I came to the floor. Somehow it seems to me that the House of Representatives has become suddenly lonely, because STEVE BOLLES, in the few years I have known him here, has come to be a part of the picture, and it does not seem quite right without him here.

Long before I ever had any thought of coming to Congress, I had heard of STEPHEN BOLLES in the newspaper world and had come to respect him. When I met him here, it was with the thought that here was a man who had made his name and had made a place in the world for himself before he came to Congress. Some of us, I suppose, would hardly ever be heard of if it were not for the fact that we came to the House of Representatives; but as long as 40 years ago STEPHEN BOLLES was a name that was respected throughout the newspaper world. He was the editor and publisher of papers in Erie, Pa., Toledo, Ohio, and Rochester and Buffalo, N. Y., before he became identified throughout the country as publisher of the Janesville (Wis.) Gazette.

He was a cosmopolitan man. He had seen a great deal of the world. At several world fairs he had been superintendent of sections dealing with the graphic arts and with the newspaper fraternity. He had seen men in high places; he had seen men in low places. He had seen men in the height of triumph, and he had seen them in defeat. It is said of him that he had reported personally more national political conventions than any other man in public life today. All of this experience had given an appreciation of events and people that one seldom finds. He knew what was important and what was trivial; he knew what was sincere and what was sham. Withal, I believe he brought with him to Congress that spirit of service to his community and to the people that

we always like to think associates itself with the highest expression of ideals in the newspaper world.

As one of the newspaper fraternity as well as a colleague in Congress, I want to express my sense of personal loss in his passing and my appreciation of the life that he lived.

Mr. JOHNS. Mr. Speaker, I yield to my colleague from Michigan [Mr. Lesinski].

Mr. LESINSKI. Mr. Speaker, I was deeply shocked when I learned of the passing of my good friend and colleague, STEPHEN BOLLES. He was the ranking minority member of the Committee on Invalid Pensions, of which I have the honor to be chairman. He was faithful and regular in attendance at committee meetings and because of his broad knowledge of the problems of our veterans and their dependents, his wise counsel and untiring efforts will be sorely missed by the members of the committee. The committee has lost a valuable member and the veterans a true and sympathetic friend. His long and useful career is one of which his family and friends can be justly proud, and we, his fellow members on the committee, mourn his passing.

Mr. JOHNS. Mr. Speaker, I offer a resolution, which is at the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows (H. Res. 259):

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. STEPHEN BOLLES, a Representative from the State of Wisconsin.

Resolved, That a committee of four Members of the House, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provision of these resolutions, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to.

The SPEAKER. The Chair appoints the following funeral committee: Mr. Gehrmann, Mr. Hull, Mr. Sauthoff, and Mr. Johns.

The Clerk will report the remainder of the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

The resolution was agreed to.

Accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 30 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until tomorrow, Wednesday, July 9, 1941, at 12 o'clock noon.

WEDNESDAY, *July 9, 1941.*

Mr. GEHRMANN. Mr. Speaker, I did not have an opportunity to say anything on yesterday with reference to my colleague the late STEPHEN BOLLES. I take this minute to say something in memory of a colleague whom I held very dear. I have known STEVE BOLLES for 20 years. While I was a member of the Wisconsin State Legislature since 1925 he visited us quite often and I learned to admire STEVE then. While we served in the Congress together, I became even more attached to him, even though we did not always vote the same.

Today we are returning all that is mortal of our colleague the Honorable STEPHEN BOLLES, to his home in Wisconsin—the State he has claimed so long and served so well.

Mrs. ROGERS of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, I was greatly shocked and saddened by the death of STEPHEN BOLLES. Everyone here yesterday who listened to the words of appreciation of him felt that while the mortal STEPHEN BOLLES had died his gentleness, his humor, his simplicity, his warm friendship, and his loyal patriotism still lived on and will live on. On everybody's lips was the expression, "I have lost a friend." He was a great philanthropist. Many honors

came his way, but he never lost the human touch. He had faith in women and in their ability, and he did not hesitate to say so. He was their champion. Yes, indeed, women have lost a friend. Able, fearless; he was a great American. He loved his country and all its fine traditions. He fought to keep alive our free American form of government. In that fight he worked far beyond his strength, and the last thing I ever heard him say was, "I suppose I am working too hard, but I cannot let down. I have a duty to perform." He gave his life in the service of his country just as truly as did his son, who died as a result of World War service.

One of STEPHEN BOLLES' favorite quotations was from Edward Everett Hale:

I am only one, but I am one. I cannot do everything, but I can do something, and what I can do, that I ought to do, and what I ought to do by the grace of God, I will do.

STEPHEN BOLLES tried to do everything he ought to do. He quoted that statement publicly often because he felt it and lived by that maxim. One of his constituents who heard him use it said:

That is the soul of STEPHEN BOLLES.

THURSDAY, *July 10, 1941.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Baldridge, one of its clerks, announced that the Senate had adopted the following resolution (S. Res. 145):

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. STEPHEN BOLLES, late a Representative from the State of Wisconsin.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the Vice President to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased; and

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, the Senate do now adjourn.

The message also announced that pursuant to the provisions of the above resolution, the Vice President appointed Mr. La Follette and Mr. Wiley as members of the committee on the part of the Senate.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

THURSDAY, *July 10, 1941.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Calloway, one of its reading clerks, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. Stephen Bolles, late a Representative from the State of Wisconsin, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

The message informed the Senate that the Speaker had appointed Mr. Gehrmann, Mr. Hull, Mr. Sauthoff, and Mr. Johns the committee on the part of the House to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Mr. WILEY. Mr. President, on Tuesday of this week a beloved Wisconsin colleague and an old friend, Representative STEPHEN BOLLES, of Wisconsin, passed on.

In deference to his memory I desire to say a few words in tribute to him as an individual and as a statesman.

Because of his distinguished service for over two decades as editor of the Janesville Daily Gazette at Janesville, Wis., the name of STEPHEN BOLLES has been almost a legend in Wisconsin. Indeed, for almost 45 years Mr. BOLLES has been affectionately known and respected throughout the newspaper world for his years of service as correspondent and managing editor of many newspapers throughout the country.

Throughout his active career he had given unsparingly of his service to countless civic and public endeavors.

In 1901 he was associated with the press department of the Pan American Exposition. He was chief of the graphic arts exhibit of the Universal Exposition at St. Louis in 1903.

He was president of the international jury of awards for graphic arts in that same exposition and was made an officer d'académie by the French Government.

He was director of publicity for the Jamestown Exposition in 1907.

He was awarded an honorary doctor of laws degree by Milton College, where he was a trustee for some 20 years.

He was also a trustee of the Janesville Public Library and a director of the Red Cross. He was chairman of the advisory board of the Salvation Army for 3 years.

He was president of the Janesville Chamber of Commerce. He was a member of the Grange and one of the bestloved members of the American Society of Newspaper Editors.

In recent years he was a Member of the Seventy-sixth and Seventy-seventh Congresses, where he made an outstanding and distinguished record.

His death is not only a distinct personal loss to members of the Wisconsin congressional delegation, who valued his counsel and his friendship, but is also a serious loss for Wisconsin.

STEPHEN BOLLES was a statesman.

During his years as a newspaper editor he consistently championed the cause of clean government. In his editorials on municipal affairs, the welfare of his community, State problems, and national difficulties STEPHEN BOLLES interpreted them through a rich maturity of the experiences of many years.

He had, moreover, an almost unparalleled grasp of twentieth-century history, and like every conscientious newspaperman, he was extremely conscientious and accurate in his presentation of factual information.

He brought this same approach to his legislative work, and his colleagues in the House respected him for his painstaking and conscientious preparation and for his deep concern for the welfare of Wisconsin interests. He was regarded as an authority on the problems of the dairy farmer.

STEVE, as he was affectionately called by thousands, was a true friend. He possessed an unusual mind and a remarkable memory which served as a storehouse of valuable information upon which he could draw at will.

He was a student of government and an ardent believer in our American way of life.

He had a great reverence for the Constitution and the Bill of Rights.

STEVE was no demagog, however. Even his most penetrating comments on current affairs were tempered with the keenly incisive humor he had developed in his years as a newspaperman.

STEPHEN BOLLES was a man of courage, and the strength and the vigor with which he fought for his convictions belied his years.

He never compromised on those convictions, and he was willing to make any sacrifice to advance their consideration.

Just before his death, for example, he was extremely active on two subcommittees of the House at a time when his physician urged him to curtail his activities. He was faithful in his attendance to all of his official duties, and his mature counsel will be missed by his colleagues.

STEPHEN BOLLES brought to Congress an almost unparalleled background—the penetrating observation of a veteran newspaperman. Along with that penetrating observation he brought to Congress a lofty sense of ideals and a sincere desire to be of service to his constituents and to the Nation.

While he spent only 2½ years in the Congress of the United States, yet during that period he had made his imprint as a straight thinker, whose years of writing had given him a colorful background through which to view world affairs today.

He was highly regarded by all of his associates in Congress. Wisconsin and the Nation, in his passing, have sustained a great loss.

It is difficult to believe that STEPHEN BOLLES has met his last "deadline," for—

> Last night we talked of far-off things
> Around our friendly fire,
> Of ships, and seas, and wide adventurings,
> Tonight he hath his heart's desire.

We speak of him with hushed and quiet voice,
  We call him dead.
May it not be, adventure still his choice,
  He journeys on instead?

The VICE PRESIDENT laid before the Senate a resolution from the House of Representatives (H. Res. 259), which was read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,
July 8, 1941.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. STEPHEN BOLLES, a Representative from the State of Wisconsin.

Resolved, That a committee of four Members of the House with such Members of the Senate as may be joined be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant of Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provision of these resolutions and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

Mr. MCNARY, Mr. President, the able junior Senator from Wisconsin [Mr. Wiley] is absent because of official business. On his behalf, I submit a resolution for which I ask immediate consideration.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The resolution will be read.

The resolution (S. Res. 145) was read, considered by unanimous consent and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. STEPHEN BOLLES, late a Representative from the State of Wisconsin.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the Vice President to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

STEPHEN BOLLES

The VICE PRESIDENT. Under the second resolving clause, the Chair appoints the Senators from Wisconsin [Mr. La Follette and Mr. Wiley] as the committee on the part of the Senate to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Mr. MCNARY. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 3 o'clock and 14 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned, the adjournment being, under the order previously entered, until Monday, July 14, 1941, at 12 o'clock meridian.

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